They not ſtop a Beere-barrell?
Imperious *Cæſar* dead, and turn'd to Clay,
Might ſtop a hole to keep the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Sould patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw.
But ſoft, but ſoft awhile, here comes the King, *Enter King*
The Queen, the Courtiers, who is this they follow? *Quee. Laertes*
And with ſuch maimed rites? this doth betoken, *and the corſe.*
The corſe they follow, did with deſprate hand
Foredoo it owne life, 'twas of ſome eſtate,
Couch we a while and marke.
*Laer.* What Ceremony elſe?
*Ham.* That is *Laertes* a very noble youth, make.
*Laer.* What Ceremony elſe?
*Doct.* Her obſequies haue been as far inlarg'd
As we haue warranty, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great command ore-ſwayes the order,
She ſhould in ground vnſanctified bin lodg'd
Till the laſt trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and peebles ſhould be throwne on her:
Yet here ſhe is allow'd her virgin Crants,
Her mayden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and buriall.
*Laer.* Muſt there no more be doone?
*Doct.* No more be doone.
We ſhould prophane the ſernice of the dead,
To ſing a Requiem and ſuch reſt to her
As to peace-parted ſoules.
*Laer.* Lay her i'th earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted fleſh
May Violets ſpring: I tell thee churliſh Prieſt,
A miniſtring Angell ſhall my ſiſter be
When thou lyeſt howling.
*Ham.* What, the faire *Ophelia.*
*Quee.* Sweets to the ſweet, farewell,
I hop't thou ſhould'd haue bin my *Hamlets* wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt ſweet mayd,
And not haue ſtrew'd thy graue.
*Laer.* O trebble woe

Fall

13 marke 17 commaund 18 been 36 shouldst--been

12 This is I,